



QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

*Whose Ambition is to Quit Working, and to Become*

# Your Next President

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# Nomination Speech

Delivered Before National  
Convention of the Intellectual Elite  
of America, Assembled at the  
House of Blazes, in Chicago  
on September 16th, 1920

*By* QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE

Candidate for the Presidency  
of U. S. of America and the  
Deestrick of Lake Michigan

*Running on the more or less  
Progressive Ticket of the Independent  
Superman Element.*

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PRICE FIFTEEN CENTS

To Whom it May Concern:

*Be damned! Thou stupid beast,  
For all the Eternity, at least*

## NOMINATION SPEECH

Motto: Big wages to the worker;  
Big profits to the boss;

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The lady obstetrician, who was summoned to officiate upon the occasion of my advent into this world, could not swim—hence she could not cross the creek which intersected the path leading to our hut; the bridge having been carried away by the flood. When the time was overdue and no other means were employed to facilitate my birth than lamenting and praying I lost patience and I elbowed my own way towards the light. The above history is faithfully recorded in the family Bible. Now, if Mr. Cox or Mr. Harding had arrived into this world unassisted by the goose-lard-mongers, would they not have told about it in their nominating speeches? Of the three of us, there is no doubt, I am the fittest to play poker in the White House. However, the nomination cannot be imposed upon me unless I am given a running mate of my own choosing. I demand that William Gibbs McAdoo be nominated for Vice-President; Herbert Hotstuff Hoover is my second choice, but McAdoo is a much better worker—he would save me the costs of keeping a janitor, a butler and a few other expensive servants.

The honors which are to be bestowed upon me this evening have been vaguely foretold thirty-five years ago. When I was three days old, a small circus was passing our village and encamped at a nearby caravansary. Among its curiosities was a blind gypsy girl phrenologist, who could estimate the intellectual caliber of any human creature by

passing her fingers over his pate. Hearing about these miraculous traits of this prodigy of a gypsy, my father hurried to the circus tent and fetched her to my cradle. "This is the brat", he said to her,—“If you can tell me that he is good for anything, I will pay you a dollar.” The girl gropped my head all over and found there wonderful bumps. She readily ascertained that I was destined for brave intellectual exploits. As she accepted the dollar from my father and was turning to go she murmured to herself: “If this child lives long enough to use his head for mischievous purposes, some people will be glad and some will be sorry.” This prophecy shall come true tomorrow. Surely, Mr. McAdoo shall become wild with joy when he will read our chairman’s telegram, conveying to him these glad tidings that I choose him as my running mate—On the other hand—upon their perusing of my speech in the morning papers—Cox and Harding—and even Christensen shall become sorry that I ever was born.

Comrade Debs is a serious rival. Were he turned loose, the country would witness a mighty contest. I am afraid of him. Fortunately, he still has to serve more than eight years for the crime the Government committed upon him, so he can make no speeches. I am in favor of his being set free—but not until after the election.

General Wood was an intrepid candidate; he was my choice; my bet of \$5 was placed upon him. The odds were 8 to 5; so certain I was of his victory in the Coliseum that I made plans in advance to place the whole stake of \$13 upon McAdoo. The nomination of Harding prevented me from collecting it and my finances became demoralized. I needed fresh air, so I went on North Clark street for a promenade. As I passed the Radical Book Shop and was about to turn to Trotzky Square, I was accosted by a beautiful girl. “How do you do,” she whispered aloud, at the same time bestowing upon

me a tantalizing smile; and the look she gave me was violently eloquent. I gallantly offered her my arm, and, as we proceeded toward Chicago Avenue, the direction for which she appeared to be bent, I recounted to her the sad story how I had risked my last \$5 bill upon General Wood, and how Harding had robbed him of the nomination; and how there were still two days until my pay day. The girl jerked her arm loose from mine and contemptuously pushed me away from her. Women are constituted upon so practical a plane that they are capable of sympathizing only with the man who wins; and this is the reason why I joined in the Presidential race and why I would promise the people almost anything in order to win. Personal grievances toward Gov. Cox I had none—I did not bet on the success of Mr. McAdoo. I could not bring myself to believe that the attainment of justice was possible in the Democratic Convention any more than in the Republican. These two old parties are so foul with corruption that a good man has no chance in their camps. I hope that Mr. McAdoo will fare better in the House of Blazes. He trusted in our fair play so explicitly that he did not deem it necessary to attend our convention and personally guard his interests. His absence shows that he is becoming modest. My own presence in this Convention is not due as much to the lack of modesty as to the inchoate consciousness of my political importance, which impelled me to come.

More than a year ago a hungry dog strayed to Mr. Harding's front porch. Mr. Harding came out of the house with a sandwich and offered it to the dog, and **THE DOG DID NOT TAKE IT**. Dogs are more cautious than men. They no longer trust the candidates of the old parties. Many virtues have been hurled upon my rivals since their nomination. Assiduously as they are learning to wear these new moral appendages, they feel in them uncomfortable and unnatural. "They are family men"

is being trumpeted by the kept press. Perhaps they are—What of it? The assertion that they do love their wives is also ridiculously extraneous. If they did not love them someone else would. Women may be capable of preserving vacuum in their heads, but not in their hearts. Many a mediocre husband with his vitality already vanned, still desperately strives to pander to the ravenous erotic appetite of his wife with no other motive than the unchristian and egotistic wish to keep her from becoming enamoured in some musician, a poet or any other poor devil of an artist, who, although performing the noblest mission in the world, are too poor to afford to keep a wife of their own. Of all men, artists are the most worth of a woman's love; they are instilling into life the soul of harmony and beauty—arraying even its most homely features in rhyme and rythm of superlative grace. No family man professing the sublime love principles of Jesus Christ would boast of his monopolizing a source of temporal blessing which he himself is no longer capable of enjoying, and for the want of which the souls of his fellowmen are perishing. Considering all these circumstances seriously, I am for absolute and unconditional practical morality such as was advocated in the indignant ululations of Jezabuky, Shoumonshua and Harlipook. All the illicit pagan traffic which is so efficiently exposed by the aforementioned Shoumonshua and who, for lack of a better word, terms it Kumiar-jaka-kuti, is being carried on to this very day—boys and girls meet in the dark for this unauthorized purpose. Neither Mr. Harding nor Mr. Cox do propose to put a stop to these things, whereas I am toiling for the past five years already upon a scientific book in which I strive to prove by the very words of the Scripture, that a generous lady never counts the kisses she bestows upon her lover—and that a fat bone will always precipitate a fierce conflict among hungry dogs.

The Non-Partisan—Social-Democratic plank in my platform reads as follows: "I am for public ownership of all the debts that my generous Administration may incur. To capture the votes of the I. W. W.'s and the Communists I shall yet amend this plank so cleverly as to give my definite, and unconditional pledge that the red stripes shall not be expunged from our national emblem during my administration—if I can prevent it.

To offer a practical inducement to Big Business I planed out the ensuing little 2 by 4 plank: I stand for single taxation and double gross misrepresentation of the good American people.

The women of the whole country are being solidly lined up in my cause. It was a curious incident through which I won their support: A friend told me that in Lincoln Park there was being held in captivity a baboon whose blessed buttock was resplendent with all the gorgeous colors of the perihelion of a rainbow. "That's the kind of a baboon I want to see." I said to myself, and forthwith I went to have a look at this strange animal. When I arrived at the spot, the baboon was exhibiting his hind part to a middle aged, pale-faced lady. She was contemplating this pulchritudinous symphony of colors with profound interest. As I joined her in admiring this eighth wonder of the world she slyly backed out to a corner, where she gave her face a calisthenic treatment with a puff which was sprayed with red powder on one side and purple on the other. When she reappeared at my side at the rail I looked upon her and noticed that she had succeeded in embellishing her faded physiognomy with imitations of two of the colors exhibited by the baboon, and she appeared to be happier and more hopeful than she was before. Obviously, she was endeavoring to excite my aesthetic senses. I appreciated the adversity which her matrimonial ambition must have been encountering in this present commercialized society. My sympathy was readily aroused and I

resolved right there to say to her a kind word of encouragement. Having introduced myself as the Uebermensch party's candidate for an independent President of the United States, I declared that every woman was entitled to a husband, according to my Christian and humane platform. That she will get one when I become elected; and that she won't have to make her face as beautiful as that either, I said, pointing with earnest emphasis to the vari-colored back of the ape.

This straightforward declaration of fundamental democratic principles produced a deep effect upon this honest woman. With tears in her eyes she thanked me for my righteous attitude toward her oppressed sex. Forthwith she slid her hand into her stocking and produced therefrom a two dollar bill and contributed it to my campaign fund. She confided to me that she had considerable influence over Miss Alice Paul and that she hoped to enlist her in my cause to tour the country in my behalf. But it was this two dollars which enabled me to stay at home one day and compose this great nomination speech—every word of which was deliberately intended to inflict a merciless lash upon the knavish back of the plutocratic henchmen who want to fool the people, and who don't know how. Scoundrels and hypocrites! Only yesterday they considered me to be harmless, but tomorrow they will behold my righteous wrath portentously hovering over their nefarious domineering ambitions. Like a Gibraltar, a philosopher equipped with so sublime a gift of pre-science as I am, shall always be towering high above the seas of a charlatanic herd. The most their mad waves can accomplish is to splash my feet. The new order we are approaching is a reign of ochlocracy. Like infuriated meteorological elements, massed for a catastrophic play, the awakening power of the enslaved strata of society shall prove irresistible. These new forces will not suffer to be directed by a "family man" or

any other cheap receptacle of conventional respectability. To render the soul of the masses articulate, Providence has fashioned a special criterion of political sapience. Does not every pulse of your blood make you conscious of this fact that I am the new prophet whom God sent to this world in His last desperate effort to save civilization? Let Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer lay his iniquitous hand upon this prophet and the earth shall be shaken in its foundation; and the sun shall become dark.

I challenge the Senate Investigating Committee to examine my campaign finances and prove that my fund to date exceeds the sum of two dollars, which I voluntarily admitted. My rivals of the two corrupt old parties are said to have a campaign fund of \$14,000,000, and they have not as yet made a better speech than any inmate of any of our Asylums for Feeble Minded would, if he were brought under the influence of a quart of 60 per cent virulent moonshine concoction—While I produced a masterpiece of epochal oratorical importance. Such noble logomachical achievement can be attained only with such campaign fund as comes from above. Should I become victorious in this Presidential race—will not this be a positive proof that God is with me?

I favor the immediate settlement of all financial obligations of Europe towards the United States. Our debtors cannot pay in Cash, **BUT THEY HAVE IN THEIR CELLARS GOOD STUFF TO DRINK!** Hence, upon my assumption of the executive power, my first official act shall be to despatch the entire American Navy to the shores of Europe, and to collect from our debtors \$12,000,000,000 worth of champagne, cognac, beer, brandy, whiskey and gin, and perhaps, some of the old, seasoned German schnaps. When the navy brings the cargo to our ports by the Act of Congress, the cheaper brands of the liquors shall be distributed among the people, while the noble ambrosial liquids shall be reserved

for the servants of the people. By a presidential proclamation a month shall then be set apart for the purpose of drinking these liquors, and for celebrating our regained liberties.

Any Leagues of Nations to enforce peace should have been created before the war commenced. To organize a League of Nations to enforce peace after the forces of destruction had spent themselves, is as idiotic an effort, and its success as impossible as that of attempting to have one's house insured after it had burned down. Batiushka Woodrow Wilson was in office more than a year while the war was being prepared. He witnessed the setting in motion of the massacring machine, and he did not throw into its gear as much as a single one of his fourteen points. Never before had the American people had so genuine an occasion to be ashamed of their Government as they have today.

Tradition of the country requires that the president be a married man. You need not worry about that. There is a peach of a girl in my neighborhood upon whom I keep a hungry eye. I shall continue shining around her, and, if you nominate me, I may easily win her for my wife. The only objection she advances against me now is that I am lazy—that I am not earning enough to support her. This objection will vanish when I become elected President of the United States. A clever president can easily earn one million dollars a year—no matter how lazy he might be. Now, this girl is possessed of many charms; I would not attempt to enumerate or describe them on this occasion, because Beauty has no place in politics—nevertheless, I can assure you that she has more influence over me than the church. All men are threadbare creatures, enduring a despairing existence until they receive the blessed sacrament of life which is administered to them in the form of the first kiss from a loving girl. Likewise, a woman deprived of the influence of a loving man feels most wretched, and

she is most happy when in his impassioned embrace. So noble a creature is my girl that my soul is craving much more violently for her than for the presidency, or for the salary and the contraband back-sheesh that's connected with the office. Should this exalted maiden consent to become the first lady of the land, I shall become the happiest of all presidents that ever existed. Caressing her and writing lyrics upon her lofty traits shall become the sole concern of my life. This sacred mission shall keep me continually so preoccupied that I shall never find time to introduce any new reforms, or to devise new encroachments upon your liberties. The legislative branch of the government shall be busy drinking the cognac and the champagne for several years to come. Hence, I can honestly assure the people of the United States that, during my occupancy of the White House, they shall be as free and as happy as if they had no president at all.

I thank you for your intelligent attention.

## CAMPAIGN SPEECH

Delivered before a miscellaneous crowd, surrounding his racing car.

By QUASIMODO VON BELVEDERE.

Fellow Gentlemen, Comrades, Workers, and Lady Voters:

One of the immutable biological laws is **THE RULE OF THE STRONG**. Human society is so constructed that weaklings can rule sometimes; but only by the means of a machinery of power, built by their strong predecessors and bequeathed upon them.

Today, the monster engine of our government is being operated by weaklings, wholly incapable of giving it intelligent care. It is only a matter of time (a very short time, indeed) when this colossal engine will fall apart in hopeless ruin. Again the short-sighted historians will say **that the revolution came all of a sudden**. Fortunately, I am here before you today to give you the true history of the impending social re-adjustment: A few years ago disagreeable squeaks commenced to issue from the capitalistic power plant which was supplying the current of life-energy to our democratic government. The noise interfered with the sleep of the captains of industry, whom some of you prefer to designate by a less respectful term. Those captains supplied Mr. Wilson with **14 pints** of a well known American oil, bidding him to soothe with it all the abrasions in the rickety machine. Being unable to locate the actual points of irritation, and being anxious to dispose of the oil, he used his best judgment and poured the oil upon the fly wheel; the fly wheel

splashed some of the oil into his face, and with the rest messed up the floor of the whole political edifice, making it slippery and dangerous to walk upon.

To avoid all such disagreeable experiences in the future, Woodrow resolved to relegate all the dirty work upon his assistants. He sent Kid Palmer and Battling Baker to adjust the machine. These two amateur mechanics attended to every lubricating point, treating them profusely with ashes, sand, gun powder, pitch, brimstone, grape juice and gooseberry wine, but the squeaks of the machine were steadily increasing, until they developed into deadly groans. The Captain Kids of industry became alarmed and decided to transfer the *instrumentum regnorum* into strong hands. T. R. being gone, they find General Wood to be the strongest man in the land. They offer him the job, providing he devises a satisfactory plan to fix the domineering machine.—And lo, and behold! the general proves equal to the occasion, he's got a wonderful plan already drafted. His generous friends rent for him the Chicago Auditorium Theatre and arranged for him an opportunity to address the American people in person and tell them all about his plan.

Needless to say that I participated in this memorable event. (The bulls intercepted me at the gate and searched me for bombs and other death-dealing weapons; finding none, they finally let me pass.) Well, I still was able to secure a prominent seat so that I could see the general at a close range; hence my story is authentic. This is what happened: General Wood arose from the soft and warm lap of Marshall Field III. and he addressed me and the rest of the audience as fellows: Fellow Citizens:—I am glad and proud to be with you tonight. The American people are a great people. I am one of them, and I am willing to serve them' (he did not say how he was willing to serve them; because he ran short of breath, he stopped to fill his abnormal

chest with the pleasant air, exhaled by the brave financial field marshal, who stood behind him). When his lungs became replenished and his jacket stretched like a Bavarian duddlesack he proceeded as follows: 'The troublesome engine of the government is becoming more noisy every day. It's been proven that the Democrats know not how to fix it. Now, I know how to fix it. I will seize a huge sledge hammer and fix it with a single blow.' And he swung his mighty arms, by way of illustrating his future official exploits. He was rewarded with a tremendous applause, my applause and that of Marshall Field being the most spontaneous and most enthusiastic.

In justice to the valorous general I must explain here that he employed military language in his address and that, in quoting him, I have not used his exact words—no man ever was correctly quoted by his friends; but words are not as important as ideas, and the radical ideas of General Wood did not appeal to big business, with the exception of Captain Marshall Field.

The Republican Convention chose to nominate a timid man—a puppet with no ideas of his own. It would be ridiculous to speak of him as a leader; and a brave race, such as we Americans are, is not likely to suffer to be pushed about, or to be driven all the time. This singular incident brings our political history to a climax. Never before was such a dire puzzlement offered to the innocent mind of the American voter—a dark horse of suspicious character is being imposed upon him, and he is not allowed to examine his teeth until he buys him.

I hope that the soldiers cannot be fooled in this clumsy manner. Had he a son, says Mr. Harding, he would wish for him nothing better than 'a wholesome term in the U. S. Navy.' I understand that during the war all relatives of draft ages of President Wilson chose wholesome and safe services in the navy, while all the brave men joined the army.

I have a great admiration for the returned heroes; they have more voting power than those who did not return, or those who returned in coffins. I am prepared to offer to them bonus in the form of an elegant edition of my speeches.

After General Wood, I was considered by my friends as the biggest presidential timber in America. I am a superman, this fact was incontestably established by the spectacular manner in which I was born. Mr. Harding himself declared that he is not a superman, although nobody ever suspected him of being one—his protestation was as superfluous as if I would declare that I am not a jelly bag. Not being a superman, Harding is unfit for a superhuman undertaking.

Both Cox and Harding, my principal two rivals, are well known to the whole nation. If either of them had a reputation behind him, such as would recommend him to the confidence of the people, they would not need all the millions of dollars of campaign funds in order to become elected. Jan Hus and Savonarola accomplished infinitely nobler tasks than to secure a good government job for themselves; or to institute reforms such as are outlined in the platforms of the expiring two old parties; and they had a very meagre campaign fund.

I read in the papers that the Democratic bosses are extorting contributions of half a month's wages from the government employes. I proclaim most indignantly that the candidate, for whose benefit this shameless robbery is being carried on, does not deserve to be elected. The proper place for such a candidate is the rock pile at the Penitentiary of Leavenworth.

The practice of the present operators of the Department of Justice is to protect the rascals and to punish the innocent and the brave. Upon my assumption of the executive duties of the President of U. S. I shall make it a matter of official routine

to get my daily physical exercise by whipping all such arrogant scoundrels out of the sacred temples of Justice until the standard of fairness, for which our republic strove from its very birth, is securely established.

I thank you. Kindly clear the road and let my car pass.





The Nomination Speech is published  
and sold

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Watch for Von Belvedere's great novel

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